BAKER'S
ACTING PLAYS



The Bone of Contention

Price, 25 Cents *Royalty, $5.00*

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
BOSTON

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

THE CABINET MINISTER Farce in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern society; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

DANDY DICK Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half.

THE GAY LORD QUEX Comedy in Four Acts. Four males, ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening.

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER Comedy in Four Acts. Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE HOBBY HORSE Comedy in Three Acts. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery easy. Plays two hours and a half.

IRIS Drama in Five Acts. Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

LADY BOUNTIFUL Play in Four Acts. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. Plays a full evening.

LETTY Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The Bone of Contention

A Fairy Melodrama in One Act

By
GENEVIEVE K. McCONNELL

PLEASE NOTICE

The professional stage-rights in this play are strictly reserved. Amateurs may obtain permission to produce it privately upon payment of a fee of five dollars ($5.00) for each performance, in advance. All payments and correspondence should be addressed to NORMAN LEE SWARTOUT, 24 Blackburn Road, Summit, New Jersey.

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
1918

PS635
.Z9M128

The Bone of Contention

CHARACTERS

(*As originally produced by The Waterloo (Iowa) Community Drama League, October 12, 1917, at the Waterloo Community Theatre.*)

MOTHER	*Esther Busie*
CHILD	*Donald Scane*
GRANDMOTHER	*Georgiella Lay*
YOUNG DOCTOR	*Joe Du Mond*
OLD DOCTOR	*Reno J. Reeve*
MEDICINE	*Margaret Johnson*
MUSTARD	*Genevieve Scane*
BEDCLOTHES	*Marion Longley*
FRESH AIR	*Maxine Lamson*
PLAIN FOOD	*Louise Fowler*
SOUND SLEEP	*India Pickett*

SCENE.—A child's bedroom.

TIME.—Any night.



COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY GENEVIEVE K. MCCONNELL
(*As an unpublished dramatic composition*)

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY GENEVIEVE K. MCCONNELL
As author and proprietor.

Professional stage and moving picture rights reserved.

©CLD 49017
MAR 1 1918

no. 1

The Bone of Contention

SCENE.—*A child's bedroom in a small-town house. At* L., *down stage, pulled out from the wall, a bed. At* L., *up stage, a tall screen. Chair by the bed and at* L. C., *a table. On* R. *a practical window. Cupboard up* C. *Two doors at back* R. *and* L. *A chair near window* R. *The child's clothes are on another chair and there are toys about the room.*

(*The* MOTHER *is discovered reading to the* CHILD, *who is sick in bed.*)

MOTHER (*reading*). "The Prince could not bear to part from Cinderella again, so he carried her back to the palace in his grand coach, and they were married that very day. Cinderella's stepsisters were present at the feast, but in the place of honor sat the fairy godmother."

CHILD. Is that all?

MOTHER. That is all, except that they lived happily ever after.

CHILD. I'd like to see a fairy, mother. Do you ever see them?

MOTHER. No, dear, grown people never do.

CHILD. But little girls and boys do, don't they, mother?

MOTHER. Yes, dear.

CHILD. Read me another story.

MOTHER. No more to-night.

CHILD. Please.

MOTHER (*rising and smoothing the* CHILD'S *head anxiously*). Try to sleep now, my dear.

CHILD (*tossing about*). I'm thirsty.

MOTHER (*giving the* CHILD *water from a cup*). There, dear, you'll feel better now.

CHILD. My throat hurts.

MOTHER (*arranging bandage around* CHILD'S *throat*). The doctor will soon be here.

CHILD. I'm too hot.

MOTHER (*arranging the pillow and bedclothes*). Yes, I know, dear.

CHILD. I don't want the doctor.

Enter GRANDMOTHER, U. R.

GRANDMOTHER. How is the poor child?

MOTHER. No better. He complains all the time that his throat hurts and he's thirsty.

GRANDMOTHER. Don't give him too much to drink and keep him well covered. This room is draughty.

(*She draws an extra quilt over the* CHILD.)

MOTHER. He says he's too hot.

GRANDMOTHER. That is just the fever. You must keep him covered.

MOTHER (*crossing to the window*). It seems very close in here. Suppose I open the window.

GRANDMOTHER (*stopping her*). No, no, no! Do you want to kill the child? Keep him warm, I tell you. Have you sent for the doctor?

MOTHER. Of course.

GRANDMOTHER (*at the cupboard,* U. C.). That's good. So have I.

MOTHER. I don't mean the old doctor, mother. I have sent for the young doctor.

GRANDMOTHER (*turning quickly*). What? That young fellow who has just come to town? What possessed you to send for him?

MOTHER. I've heard he is very good.

GRANDMOTHER (*sitting*). He's nothing but a boy. What does he know about children? Why don't you send for our doctor, who has been looking after the family for the last fifty years?

MOTHER. Just for that reason. He hasn't studied medicine for fifty years. He is getting deaf, too, and

doesn't see very well, and he has those horrid long whiskers, all full of germs. He wouldn't wear them if he had any idea of modern methods.

GRANDMOTHER. Modern monkey-shines! He knows a hundred times as much as that young whippersnapper with his germs and his jimcracks. As if a lot of little bugs we can't even see could make us sick.

(*There is a knock.*)

MOTHER. Sh! Here he is now.

(*Opens* R. *door. Enter the* YOUNG DOCTOR.)

YOUNG DOCTOR. Good-evening.

(*He crosses to* R. *and puts his hat and coat on chair.*)

MOTHER. Good-evening, doctor. I'm so glad you've come.

GRANDMOTHER (*going to* L.). Germs!—Good-evening, doctor.

YOUNG DOCTOR. Good-evening.

GRANDMOTHER (*to herself*). He'll finish him.

YOUNG DOCTOR (*approaching the bed cheerfully*). How long has the child been ill?

MOTHER. Since morning. I've given him some castor oil.

CHILD. My throat hurts.

YOUNG DOCTOR. We'll soon make that stop. Open your mouth and let me look at it. No? Oh, very well. (*He slips spoon into* CHILD'S *mouth and looks at throat.*) Yes. His throat is a little inflamed.

(*He gets out stethoscope; removes covers and listens to the* CHILD'S *breathing.*)

GRANDMOTHER (*to herself*). Such nonsense!

YOUNG DOCTOR. No trouble below the throat. Have him gargle some salt water. Give him plenty of fresh air, plain food and sound sleep. Don't wake him on any account and be sure to keep the window wide open.

(*He opens the window.* GRANDMOTHER *is disgusted.*)

CHILD. Do you believe in fairies, doctor?

YOUNG DOCTOR. I believe in some fairies. There's one called Fresh Air that's a great friend of mine. And then there's Plain Food and Sound Sleep. The best fairies that ever lived, and if you'll trust them they'll make you well, so you can get up and play.

(*He gets his hat and coat.*)

CHILD. Goody!

GRANDMOTHER (*rising*). Nonsense! Aren't you going to give him any medicine?

YOUNG DOCTOR (*putting on his coat*). He has all the medicine he needs. He'll be better in the morning.

GRANDMOTHER. Surely he needs to take something, have something done to him?

YOUNG DOCTOR. I have told you all he needs. These are the three essentials:—fresh air, plain food and sound sleep. If you see that he has these three, nature will do the rest. You know all that we doctors can do is to assist nature. We are not magicians. Good-evening.

[*Exit,* U. R.

GRANDMOTHER. Well, of all the young upstarts. Shut that window. The room is getting cold.

MOTHER. But the doctor opened it.

GRANDMOTHER. I don't care who opened it. I'm going to shut it. (*She shuts window with a bang.*)

MOTHER. I think we ought to obey the doctor.

GRANDMOTHER. Obey that boy?

(*She crosses back to bed and pulls the quilt over the* CHILD *again. The* MOTHER, *on the other side of bed, pulls it off. They glare at each other.*)

MOTHER. Mother, it isn't right to make him so hot.

GRANDMOTHER. I guess I know more about children than he does. I've had six.

MOTHER. And raised two.

GRANDMOTHER. It was the Lord's will.

MOTHER. Yes. That was the old-fashioned way, to blame everything on the Lord. (*There is a knock at door* R.) Who can that be?

GRANDMOTHER. I expect that is the other,—the real doctor.

MOTHER. Who sent for him?
GRANDMOTHER. I did. I told you so.
MOTHER. I didn't hear you. What shall we do?
GRANDMOTHER (*opening door*). Come right in, doctor. We've been expecting you.

Enter OLD DOCTOR, U. R. *He puts his hat on cupboard but keeps on overcoat and driving gloves.*

OLD DOCTOR (*stroking his whiskers*). Good-evening, ladies. Where's the little patient? Ah, there you are, you rascal. Tut, tut. What do you mean by this getting sick and bringing the old doctor out at night, eh?

(*He pokes the* CHILD *in the ribs.*)

CHILD. Don't. My throat hurts.
OLD DOCTOR. Throat, eh? Um-m-m, any fever? (*Takes off one glove and feels the* CHILD'S *hands and forehead.*) Very hot, very hot. High fever.

(*Puts head down on* CHILD'S *chest to listen to breathing.*)

CHILD. Go away. You are tickling me with your whiskers.
OLD DOCTOR (*lifting his head*). The disease has not reached the lungs yet. (*Gets his bag, opens it, disclosing long rows of medicine-bottles, selects three different colors and drops them into three glasses of water which* GRANDMOTHER *gets from cupboard.*) Give him one teaspoon of each of these every half hour. Keep him warm; windows closed, plenty of covers.

(*Pulls quilt over the* CHILD.)

GRANDMOTHER (*triumphantly*). There, what did I tell you?
OLD DOCTOR. Nothing to eat nor drink, and I will see him again in the morning. (*Closes his bag, puts on glove and reaches for his hat.*) Have some mustard ready for

a hot foot-bath and some more heavy bedclothes in case of a chill in the night.

GRANDMOTHER (*admiringly*). We always feel such confidence in you, doctor.

OLD DOCTOR. Still find you need the old doctor, eh? Haven't deserted the old man yet?

GRANDMOTHER. Of course we wouldn't desert you, doctor.

CHILD. Do you believe in fairies?

OLD DOCTOR. Fairies? Bless your heart, of course I do. Why, the fairies work for me. There's the mustard fairy that makes the plasters and the hot foot-baths, and there's the bedclothes fairy that keeps little boys covered up at night, and the medicine fairy that makes you well.

CHILD. I don't like those fairies. I like the other ones better.

MOTHER. Hush, now, dear. You must stop talking and go to sleep.

OLD DOCTOR. So must I. Got to have my beauty sleep, you know. Ha, ha, ha! Remember—medicine every half hour, plenty of bedclothes, no draughts and a hot mustard foot-bath in case of a chill. Good-night.

MOTHER. Good-night.

[*Exit* OLD DOCTOR, U. R.

GRANDMOTHER. Good-night, doctor.—There, what did I tell you? The young doctor was all wrong.

MOTHER. One of them certainly was wrong.

CHILD. I like the young doctor best.

GRANDMOTHER. We will have to sit up all night to give him the medicine.

MOTHER. I don't see why both of us should sit up. You go to bed and if I get very sleepy I will call you. I'll sit up in the next room and read.

GRANDMOTHER (*going to door* U. R.). Will you be sure to call me?

MOTHER. I'll be sure to call you if I need you.

GRANDMOTHER. Very well. Don't forget the medicines. Good-night. [*Exit,* U. R.

MOTHER. Good-night. I wish I knew what to do. I wish your father were here. He always knows what to do. (*She tries to give a dose of medicine to the* CHILD

who struggles and cries and spills most of the medicine, finally lying back exhausted.) My poor darling. Now try to go to sleep and let the fairies make you well.

CHILD. Not the medicine fairy, mother. He's bad. I like the fresh air fairy best. Do you think she'll come?

MOTHER. If you are a good boy and go right to sleep I am sure they will all come.

(*She shades the light and goes about the room arranging things for the night. She takes the mustard tin from beneath the cupboard and puts it on the table. At the window she hesitates, reaches out to open it once or twice, then stops, but finally raises it. Steals softly over to the* CHILD, *who seems to be sleeping, turns down the covers a little, kisses him, stands looking at him a moment and then tiptoes off. Exit* MOTHER, U. L.)

(*As soon as the door closes an ugly* OLD WITCH, MEDICINE, *carrying a large bottle and a huge spoon, comes from behind the table. Goes down front where she stands a moment and pours a colored liquid from the bottle into the spoon, then crosses to the bed and pokes the* CHILD, *who wakes up.*)

CHILD (*as in a dream*). Who are you?

MEDICINE. I'm Medicine,—bad Medicine, and I'm going to dose you.

CHILD. You shan't dose me.

MEDICINE (*with a sneering laugh*). Oh, but I will, I will, I will! He, he, he!

(*They struggle. The* CHILD *cries.*)

CHILD. Stop it!

MEDICINE. Mustard! My son, Mustard! Come and help me.

(*The cupboard door opens and out jumps a little imp,* MUSTARD, *all dressed in yellow.*)

MUSTARD. Here's Mustard. Look out for me. I'll make you smart.

CHILD. Stop, stop! You're hurting me.

(MUSTARD *joins in the struggle, the* CHILD *still getting slightly the better of his assailants.*)

MEDICINE. Where's Heavy Bedclothes? We need his help too. Bedclothes, where are you?

(*A queer creature,* BEDCLOTHES, *wrapped in a down quilt and a blanket, rolls out from under the bed.*)

BEDCLOTHES. Here I come. I'll smother him.

(*He leaps upon the bed and tries to smother the* CHILD, *who after a little more fighting falls back apparently dead. The three bad fairies stand for a moment surveying their work, exchanging nods and grins.*)

MEDICINE. Hurrah! He's done for! (*They all laugh weirdly and then join hands and perform a grotesque dance around the bed in honor of their victory, chanting a funeral march. In the midst of this,* MEDICINE *notices that the window is open. They all stop suddenly.*) Look here. The window is open.

BEDCLOTHES (*shivering*). Something might come in.

MUSTARD. We are not safe here.

(MEDICINE *crawls under the table,* BEDCLOTHES *under the bed and* MUSTARD *into the cupboard. A bright light shines in from outside the window, the curtains blow, and then a fairy,* FRESH AIR, *clad in glittering tinsel, and carrying a huge fan, steps lightly in.*)

FRESH AIR. Make way for Fresh Air, foolish houselings, for I am your best friend!

(*She laughs and whirls around, waving the fan over her head, gradually approaching the bed, where she stands facing the* CHILD *until he revives.*)

CHILD. Oh, I'm so hot.

FRESH AIR. No wonder. You are nearly smothered.

(*She pulls off some of the bedclothes and throws them to the floor.*)

CHILD. The bad fairies were here just now. They nearly killed me. Are they all gone?

FRESH AIR. What bad fairies?

CHILD. Medicine and Mustard and Bedclothes. Oh, I'm afraid they'll come back again.

FRESH AIR. I'll fight them if they do. Don't be afraid.

CHILD. You must be a good fairy. What is your name?

FRESH AIR. My name is Fresh Air.

CHILD. That's a funny name for a fairy.

FRESH AIR. It's not so funny as some of them. What's the matter with you? Why weren't you out playing with me to-day?

CHILD. I'm sick.

FRESH AIR. Sick? How? Where? What hurts you?

CHILD. I don't know.

FRESH AIR (*laughing*). He's sick and he doesn't know what hurts him. Is there anything you want?

CHILD. I want something to eat.

FRESH AIR. Something to eat? That's easy. (*She goes to cupboard and raps on the door.*) Plain Food, you're wanted.

(PLAIN FOOD, *a healthy little chap dressed all in white (or, if possible, made to represent a loaf of bread and wearing a chef's cap) steps into the room.*)

PLAIN FOOD. Who wants me?

FRESH AIR. A hungry boy who *thinks* he's sick.

PLAIN FOOD (*holding out a plate of bread and a cup of milk*). Here's bread and here's milk for the hungry little boy who thinks he's sick.

(*Both fairies laugh.*)

CHILD. Give them to me.

PLAIN FOOD (*holding the plate behind his back*). Say please.

CHILD (*almost crying*). Please.

PLAIN FOOD (*giving him the bread*). There, I was only teasing.

CHILD. I didn't know that fairies, good fairies, teased.

FRESH AIR. We do though. Just watch me tease that

old doctor the next time he goes out. Watch me blow through his whiskers.

(*She whirls and laughs and the* CHILD *joins in.*)

CHILD. Do you know, it's fun being sick and seeing fairies in the night. (*He finishes the bread and hands the plate back to* PLAIN FOOD, *who places it on the table.*) I don't see why you are called *Plain* Food. I don't think you are plain at all. I think you are beautiful.

PLAIN FOOD (*handing him the cup of milk*). I am glad you like me.

FRESH AIR. After you finish your milk you must go to sleep.

CHILD. I can't go to sleep.

FRESH AIR. Then sleep must come to you.

(CHILD *finishes milk and hands the cup back to* PLAIN FOOD, *who places it on table.*)

CHILD. How can sleep come to me?

FRESH AIR. Watch and see. (*She dances around the room with* PLAIN FOOD.) Sleep, Sound Sleep, where are you?

(SOUND SLEEP *glides from behind the screen at the back of the bed, all dressed in misty gray.*)

SLEEP. Who called Sleep?

FRESH AIR. We did.

PLAIN FOOD. Come and sing this little boy to sleep.

SLEEP (*slowly and soothingly*). Why can't the little boy come to me?

FRESH AIR. He says he's sick.

CHILD. I was sick. I'm just sleepy now.

SLEEP (*leaning over the bed, singing and sifting sand through her fingers*).

Fairy Fresh Air has fanned you,
I'll fill your eyes with sand, you
Sleepy small thing.
Fairy Plain Food has fed you,
Lie still in your bed, you
Bird 'neath my wing.

(*She spreads her arms like wings, with gray draperies over the* CHILD, *who sleeps peacefully.*) He sleeps.

(*All three fairies join hands and dance softly around the bed, weaving all sorts of mystical patterns with fan and draperies. In the midst of their revels,* BEDCLOTHES *sneaks from under the bed and grabs* FRESH AIR *by the leg.* FRESH AIR *runs to* R.)

FRESH AIR (*dodging the quilt in which* BEDCLOTHES *is trying to wrap her*). Who are you, you stuffy creature?

BEDCLOTHES. I am Bedclothes, and I hate you, Fresh Air. Let me get at the child.

FRESH AIR. No, no, no!

(*She tries to fan him away and they fight.* MUSTARD *comes from the cupboard and tries to attack the* CHILD.)

MUSTARD. My mother, Medicine, called me to help put an end to this child. Let me at him.

PLAIN FOOD (*grappling with* MUSTARD). You shan't touch him.

(MEDICINE *appears from under the table.*)

SLEEP (*stopping* MEDICINE). Who are you that you dare to interfere with Sleep?

MEDICINE. I am Medicine. This child belongs to me. Stand aside.

SLEEP (*defending the* CHILD, *who wakes and hides behind the covers*). Never! (*They fight.*)

(*The three bad fairies break away from the good fairies and rush upon the* CHILD.)

BEDCLOTHES. Now I'll smother you.

MUSTARD. I'll burn you.

MEDICINE. I'll dose him.

CHILD. Help! Help!

FRESH AIR (*fanning vigorously*). Under the bed with you!

PLAIN FOOD (*supporting the* CHILD). Back into the cupboard!

FRESH AIR (*to* CHILD). You must fight too. We cannot win without your help.

(*The* CHILD *fights.* FRESH AIR *succeeds in pulling* BEDCLOTHES *off the bed and rolling him underneath.* PLAIN FOOD *chases* MUSTARD *back into cupboard and slams the door.*)

SLEEP. Now let's fix Medicine!

(*They capture* MEDICINE.)

PLAIN FOOD. Dose her good with her own medicine. See how she likes that.

(*They force* MEDICINE *down stage and give him a dose of medicine from the huge bottle and spoon.* MEDICINE *is overcome and they carry him to the window and throw him out.*)

FRESH AIR. That's the best place for the horrid creature.

CHILD. Are they all gone?

FRESH AIR. All gone, and I hope for good.

SLEEP. Come, let us give the child our three gifts and be gone, for he must sleep, and it is near dawn.

CHILD. Oh, have you three gifts for me? What are they?

FRESH AIR. I will give you health.

(*She kisses the* CHILD.)

PLAIN FOOD. I will give you strength.

(*She puts her arms around the* CHILD.)

SLEEP. I will give you rest.

(*She strokes the* CHILD'S *head.*)

CHILD (*disappointed*). I thought you would give me a pumpkin coach and rats for horses like Cinderella's fairy did.

FRESH AIR (*laughing*). Oh, we fairies nowadays give better gifts than that.

SLEEP. And now you must go to sleep again.

(*All three fairies dance once more their intricate dance.* SOUND SLEEP *goes nearer and nearer until she stands*

with her draperies extended over the CHILD *who goes to sleep. Then the three fairies all slip quietly out through the window. It has grown gradually light. After a short moment* MOTHER *enters from* U. L.)

MOTHER. It's morning. I must have fallen asleep.

(*She discovers the upset medicine bottle, picks up the mustard box and places it on table, examines the plate and cup and indicates that she is puzzled and somewhat distressed. She tiptoes to the bed and replaces the quilt but does not put it up around the* CHILD'S *neck. She feels his hands and forehead and looks relieved.* GRANDMOTHER *enters* U. R.)

GRANDMOTHER. How is he?

MOTHER. Better, I think. He is sleeping. Were you in here during the night?

GRANDMOTHER. No. Why?

MOTHER. I fell asleep myself and when I came in here this morning I found the medicine upset, the mustard on the floor, the covers pulled off and these dishes on the table.

GRANDMOTHER. Perhaps he was out of his head and got up.

MOTHER. I hardly think so. See how quietly he is sleeping.

GRANDMOTHER. Quiet sleep is always deceptive. My first child went like that.

MOTHER (*wincing*). Please don't talk that way, mother.

(GRANDMOTHER *closes the window and covers the* CHILD. MOTHER *picks up the room and wipes the table and floor where the medicine has been spilled. There is a knock* U. R. *but before they answer the door opens and the* OLD DOCTOR *enters.*)

OLD DOCTOR. Good-morning, ladies. And how is the little patient? Sleeping, I see. (*He crosses to* CHILD.) Pulse better. Not so much fever. That is the result of my medicine. But we are not out of the woods yet. The disease may attack the lungs at any moment. We must

continue the same treatment. And in addition—(*he opens his medicine-case and selects another bottle*) one of these every hour, a hot mustard foot-bath, and a flaxseed poultice on the chest if he begins to cough. It is necessary to be very careful.

MOTHER (*anxiously*). Yes, doctor.

OLD DOCTOR. Shield him from the slightest draught and keep him well covered. A little barley water if he is hungry. If you follow my instructions exactly I think I can save the child.

MOTHER. Save him? Do you think he is seriously ill?

OLD DOCTOR. Not at present.

MOTHER. But do you think he will be?

OLD DOCTOR. We never can tell. This is the crisis. This is not a natural sleep. When he comes out of it he may be better—or —— There, there, keep up your courage. All may yet be well.

MOTHER (*dropping into chair and hiding her face*). My poor baby.

(OLD DOCTOR *joins* GRANDMOTHER R. *They whisper.* YOUNG DOCTOR *enters* U. R. *unobserved.*)

YOUNG DOCTOR (*at bedside*). I see the child is better as I expected. You did what I said about the window and the covers and the food?

MOTHER (*rising*). I'm afraid I didn't, doctor, altogether. You see my mother was so sure you were all wrong. She doesn't believe in modern methods. But the window was wide open all night.

OLD DOCTOR (*coming forward pompously, coat, gloves and hat in hand*). What's the meaning of this? Are you under the impression that you are in charge of this case?

YOUNG DOCTOR. I supposed I was. But of course if they prefer your services I shall withdraw.

MOTHER. Oh, doctor, please don't go.

YOUNG DOCTOR (*hesitating and looking at* OLD DOCTOR). Medical etiquette demands that one of us withdraw.

OLD DOCTOR. Medical etiquette be hanged! I intend to save this child.

(*Takes off his coat and throws it with his hat on chair.*)

YOUNG DOCTOR. And so do I.

OLD DOCTOR (*glaring*). You must permit me to take the necessary measure to insure this child's recovery.

YOUNG DOCTOR. Nonsense! All this child needs is plenty of fresh air, a little plain food and sleep.

OLD DOCTOR (*furiously*). Young man, I am old enough to be your grandfather and I know more about the practice of medicine than you ever dreamed of. You will kill this child if you expose him to draughts and fill his stomach with food he cannot digest. What he needs is medicine, barley water and warmth. I forbid you to open that window.

YOUNG DOCTOR. Nevertheless that is what I am going to do. (*He opens window.*)

GRANDMOTHER. Don't you dare put that window up.

MOTHER (*holding her back*). Let him alone, mother.

OLD DOCTOR. We cannot stand here and quarrel over this ailing child like dogs over a bone. Once for all, which do you choose? Will you risk your child's life with these "modern methods" or will you follow the safe paths of the old way?

GRANDMOTHER. The old way, of course, doctor.

MOTHER (*decisively*). Please, mother. He is my child and I think I should be the one to decide.

GRANDMOTHER. But ——

MOTHER. I choose the new way.

OLD DOCTOR (*shutting his bag with a snap, putting on coat, jamming his hat down to his ears and with infinite contempt*). Very well. I am no longer responsible for what happens.—The young conceited cub!

(*Exit* OLD DOCTOR, U. R. *The* CHILD, *unobserved by the others, has waked and now jumps from the bed and dances around the room.*)

GRANDMOTHER (*horrified at seeing* CHILD). Oh, my child, what are you thinking of? Get right back and lie down. (*She tries to pull him back to bed.*)

CHILD. Leave me alone, grandmother. I'm dancing the fairies' dance.

YOUNG DOCTOR. Oho, so the fairies have been here?

CHILD. Yes. First came the bad ones:—Medicine, Mustard and Bedclothes. They were awful. Then came the good ones—Air and Food and Sleep. They were lovely. And oh, you should have seen the fight! It was great! (*He throws a pillow at* GRANDMOTHER.)

YOUNG DOCTOR. And who won?

CHILD. I did. But the good fairies helped me. I couldn't have done it without them.

YOUNG DOCTOR. Of course not. And now, young man, you may get on your clothes and after breakfast run out to play. You are well.

(GRANDMOTHER *is inarticulate with disapproval and flounces from the room shaking her head. The* DOCTOR *laughs.*)

CHILD (*throwing another pillow high into the air*). Hurrah!

(*He flings himself into his* MOTHER'S *open arms.*)

CURTAIN

New Plays for Girls' Schools

By Elsie Fogerty and others

The following adaptations from standard plays, classical and modern, have been specially arranged for amateur performance in girls' schools. The text is accompanied in all cases by all necessary plates and diagrams, and by full and minute marginal notes and instructions for production. A copious introduction gives a full description of the stage, the lighting, the costumes, properties, both stage and hand, and answers in advance all possible questions that may come up in the process of rehearsal. In all respects they are the most complete and helpful versions of plays ever offered for acting.

The Alkestis of Euripides

Adapted by Elsie Fogerty

Nine characters and chorus.
Plays an hour and a half.
Price, 25 cents

The Antigone of Sophocles

Adapted by Elsie Fogerty

Eleven characters and chorus.
Plays two hours.
Price, 25 cents

Scenes From the Great Novelists

Adapted by Elsie Fogerty

Scenes from THE ABBOTT, by Scott. "The Changing of the Keys." Seven characters—plays forty minutes.
Scene from THE MILL ON THE FLOSS, by George Eliot. "Mrs. Pullet's New Bonnet." Five characters—plays twenty minutes.
Scene from ADAM BEDE, by George Eliot. "Mrs. Poyser has her Say." Five characters—plays twenty-five minutes.
Scene from A CHRISTMAS CAROL, by Dickens. "The Cratchits' Christmas Dinner." Eight characters—plays forty minutes.
Price, 25 cents

The Masque of Comus

By Milton. Adapted by Lucy Chater

Nine characters and chorus. Plays forty minutes; with music.
Price, 25 cents

The Enterprise of the Mayflower

In Four Acts, by Amice Macdonell

For Children. Fourteen characters
Plays an hour an a half.
Price, 25 cents

Sent post-paid by mail on receipt of price

BAKER, 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

MR. KELLEY FROM KALAMAZOO

A Farce in Three Acts

By Macpherson Janney

Eight males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays a full evening. Professional rights reserved. Prentice, out of favor with a rich uncle who supports him because he declines to marry a girl the uncle has picked out, encounters her by accident and has to masquerade as "Mr. Kelley." The encounter is complicated by the presence of Ted Strong, of the St. Louis "Nationals" and the Rev. Ernest Frey, both of whom get mixed up with "Kelley" and with one another. It finally appears that his uncle's choice and the girl for whom Prentice has thrown her over are one and the same and all ends well. An exceptionally bright and laughable farce; characters first class; situations side splitting, dialogue very funny. A sure hit and can be recommended for schools.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

CLARENCE PRENTICE, *more or less a gentleman of leisure.*
HENRY TETLOW, *his uncle, an impressario.*
RUFE KING, *his brother-in-law.*
THE REV. ERNEST FREY, *rector of St. Benedict's, Heathfield Parish.*
TED STRONG, *late of the St. Louis "Nationals."*
IGNATZ DEMAREST ROGERS, *a syncopated genius.*
BARTON, *butler at the Tetlows'.*
JIM, *a policeman.*
MADELAINE SANDERSON, *Tetlow's ward.*
MARY KING, *his niece.*
LESLIE HILL, *late of the "Folies Bergeres."*
Students of Raeton College.

SCENE.—Tetlow's home, Raeton.
TIME.—The opening night of college.

THE VILLAGE POSTMISTRESS

A Rural Comedy Drama in Three Acts

By Bertha Currier Porter

Six males, six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. Alice, a nameless girl who lives with the Websters, is loved by the idolized son of the family. The mother, learning of this, turns her out of the house into the storm in his absence. The search that follows her departure discovers her to be the daughter of an early lover of the woman who sent her away. She is finally found and all ends happily. A simple but powerful story told by a cast of strong and well-drawn characters. Plenty of humor; clean and bright. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

FORTUNE BY LAND AND SEA

A Tragi-Comedy in Five Acts

By Thomas Heywood and William Rowley

An acting version arranged for the Annual Theatricals of the Harvard Chapter of Delta Upsilon for 1899

By Janet Edmonson Walker

Eighteen male, three female characters. Costumes, Elizabethan; scenery, varied, but may easily be dispensed with, the piece being even advantaged by production under the conditions of its period. Intended to serve as a full evening's bill. This is one of the items of a considerable list of the productions of the Harvard Dramatic Club that were to have been announced but that were abandoned as an indirect consequence of the European war. The version offered has been acted with great success and is entirely competent material for similar experiments by other colleges and schools. The serious interest in drama study that is one of the most conspicuous features of the present educational scheme has originated a demand for acting material of real value, and we are fortunate to be able to answer to it with a piece of such high literary and histrionic merit.

Price, boards, 50 cents per copy

CHARACTERS

OLD FORREST.
FRANK FORREST, YOUNG FORREST } *his sons.*
OLD HARDING.
PHILIP, *his eldest son, married to Susan Forrest.*
WILLIAM, JOHN } *his younger sons.*
MASTER RAINSFORTH, *a quarrelsome gentleman.*
GOODWIN, FOSTER } *friends to Rainsforth.*
A MERCHANT, *brother to Mrs. Harding.*
PURSER, CLINTON } *pirates.*
CLOWN.
PURSUIVANT.
HOST.
SAILOR.
HANGMAN.
MRS. ANN HARDING, *second wife to Old Harding.*
SUSAN, *daughter of Old Forrest, wife to Philip Harding.*
BESS, *barmaid.*

Drawers, Officers, etc.

TOO MUCH SALT

A Comedy in One Act

By G. S. Bryan

Three male, three female characters. Costumes, modern; scene, a simple interior. Plays twenty minutes. A young husband brings home a friend to dinner to find that the cook has left and his wife has cooked the dinner. A series of disasters brings about a state of war and upon the battle-field arrive the wife's uncle and aunt as reinforcements. A flank movement by Auntie's pet dog turns the day, and all ends well. A trifle that can be recommended.

Price, 15 cents

NO TRESPASSING

A Play in Three Acts

By Evelyn Gray Whiting

Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single easy interior. Plays two hours. Free of royalty. Lisle Irving, a lively "city girl," goes down into the country on a vacation and to get rid of a husband of her father's choice whom she has never seen, and runs into the very man living there under another name. He meets her by accident and takes her to be one of a pair of twins who have been living at the farmhouse. She discovers his mistake and in the character of both twins in alternation gives him the time of his life, incidentally falling in love with him. An unusual abundance of good comedy characters, including one—Bill Meader—of great originality and humor, sure to make a big hit. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

BILL MEADER, *"on the town."*
JIM MEADER, *son of Bill, a boy of sixteen to eighteen.*
MR. PALMER, *a New England farmer.*
CLEVELAND TOWER, *a young city fellow, guest of Raynor.*
HERBERT EDMAND RAYNOR, *a young Englishman.*
MR. IRVING, *father of Lisle.*
LISLE IRVING, *a girl of seventeen.*
PEGGY PALMER, *a girl of eighteen or twenty.*
MRS. PALMER, *Peggy's mother.*
BARBARA PALMER, *a girl of ten or twelve years.*
ALMEDA MEADER, *a girl about Barbara's age.*

THE GIRL UP-STAIRS

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays an hour. Daisy Jordan, crazy to get "on the stage," comes to New York and starves there in a lodging house waiting for her chance. She schemes to get an interview with Cicely Denver, a popular actress, to act before her, but the result is not at all what she intended. A capital play with strong and ingenious opportunities for good acting. Recommended.

Price, 15 cents

TICKETS, PLEASE!

A Comedy in One Act

By Irving Dale

Four females. Costumes, modern and fashionable; scenery, an interior, not important. Plays twenty minutes. Mignon asks Charlotte to get the theatre tickets, Charlotte asks Maude to get them, Maude hands over three to Linda, who leaves two at Mignon's house after she has left home. But they get to the theatre somehow. Bright, funny and characteristic. Strongly recommended. *Price, 15 cents*

WILLOWDALE

A Play in Three Acts by Arthur Lewis Tubbs. Seven males, five females. Scenery, two easy interiors; costumes, modern. This is a play of exceptional interest and power. Admirably suited for amateur performance, all the parts being good. Godfrey is an admirable heavy part, Joel, Lem and Simon capital character parts, Mis' Hazey a novel eccentric bit, and Oleander a part of screaming comedy. Plays two hours and a quarter.

Price, 25 cents

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL MA'AM

A Play in Three Acts by Arthur Lewis Tubbs. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenes, an interior and an exterior, or can be played in two interiors. Plays two hours or more. Combines a strong sympathetic interest with an abundance of comedy. The parts are unusually equal in opportunity, are vigorously drawn and easily actable. No dialect parts, but plenty of variety in the comedy rôles and lots of amusing incident Can be strongly recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

BAR HAVEN

A Comedy in Three Acts by Gordan V. May Six males, five females Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior, not difficult. Plays two hours. An excellent piece, mingling a strongly serious interest with abundant humor. Offers a great variety of good parts of nearly equal opportunity. Admirably suited for amateur performance, and strongly recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

DOWN IN MAINE

A Drama in Four Acts by Charles Townsend. Eight male, four female characters. This play has no villains, no tangled plot nor sentimental love scenes; yet the climaxes are strong, the action brisk, and the humor genial, and the characters strongly drawn. Can be played in any hall; scenery, of the easiest sort. Properties, few and simple; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening. Strongly recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

HIGBEE OF HARVARD

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Charles Townsend. Five males, four females. Modern costumes; scenes, two interiors and an exterior—the latter may be played as well in an interior, if preferred. Plays a full evening. A clever, up-to-date piece, well suited for amateur performance. No small parts; all good. Good plot, full of incident, no love-making, interest strong and sustained. *Price, 15 cents*

HOW JIM MADE GOOD

A Comedy Drama in Four Acts by Charles S. Bird. Seven males, three females; two male parts can be doubled. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays two hours. An unusually sympathetic play, well suited to amateurs. Clean and easy to get up. Recommended to high schools. All the parts are good. *Price, 25 cents*

THE TIME OF HIS LIFE

A Comedy in Three Acts by C. Leona Dalrymple. Six males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors, or can be played in one. Plays two hours and a half. A side-splitting piece, full of action and a sure success if competently acted. Tom Carter's little joke of impersonating the colored butler has unexpected consequences that give him "the time of his life." Very highly recommended for high school performance. *Price, 25 cents*

THE COLLEGE CHAP

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Harry L. Newton and John Pierre Roche. Eleven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two and a half hours. An admirable play for amateurs. Absolutely American in spirit and up to date; full of sympathetic interest but plenty of comedy; lots of healthy sentiment, but nothing "mushy." Just the thing for high schools; sane, effective, and not difficult. *Price, 25 cents*

THE DEACON'S SECOND WIFE

A Comedy in Three Acts by Allan Abbott. Six males, six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior, one exterior. Plays two hours and a half. A play of rural life specially written for school performance. All the parts are good and of nearly equal opportunity, and the piece is full of laughs. Easy to produce; no awkward sentimental scenes; can be strongly recommended for high schools. *Price, 25 cents*

THE TEASER

A Rural Comedy in Three Acts by Charles S. Allen. Four male, three female characters. Scene, an easy interior, the same for all three acts; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. An admirable play for amateurs, very easy to get up, and very effective. Uraliah Higgins, a country postman, and Drusilla Todd are capital comedy parts, introducing songs or specialties, if desired. Plenty of incidental fun.

Price, 25 cents

COUNTRY FOLKS

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Anthony E. Wills. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays two and a quarter hours. An effective and up-to-date play well suited for amateur performance. All the parts good and fairly even in point of opportunity; the ladies' parts especially so. Easy to stage, and well suited for schools. Well recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

THE MISHAPS OF MINERVA

A Farce in Two Acts by Bertha Currier Porter. Five males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays one and a half hours. An exceptionally bright and amusing little play of high class and recommended to all classes of amateur players. Full of action and laughs, but refined. Irish low comedy part. Strongly endorsed.

Price, 25 cents

A. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

MID-CHANNEL Play in Four Acts. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays two and a half hours.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males. five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior, costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene. a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 211 935 3

The ... edition of Plays

Price, 15 Cents Each

AS YOU LIKE IT Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

CAMILLE Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

INGOMAR Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

MARY STUART Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period; scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

RICHELIEU Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

THE RIVALS Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

S. J. PARKHILL & CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON, U.S.A.